

# The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. X.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

NO. 35.

Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

LINDLEY & KEMP,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

STOVES, TINWARE,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

AT THE

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Middletown, Delaware.

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of all descriptions. Also

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REPAIRS

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Tin Ware of every description made to  
order and repairing of all kinds promptly at-  
tended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877.

## Select Poetry.

HE HOLDS THE PORT OF HEAVEN.

Thro' clouds of storm and darkness  
And the crash of fearful doom,  
When the shroud of flame envelop'd him  
For a chill and watery tomb,  
His soul above all anguish  
In song of triumph bore,  
And shining angels met him  
Beyond the shadowy shore.

CHOICES.—Shining angels met him  
Beyond the shadowy shore,  
He 'holds the fort of heaven'  
A conquest for evermore.

Among the host of heaven  
A glad new voice is known,  
And sadly from our songs we miss  
A dear familiar tone,  
We sing with trembling voices  
The songs he loved of yore,  
The voice that thrill'd us sweetly  
Will sing to us no more.

Oh faith that thro' all trials  
Can lift the soul on high,  
And light the martyr's path way,  
To realms beyond the sky,  
Beyond the flame and terror  
Triumphantly sounds the song,  
He 'holds the fort of heaven'  
And waits the coming throng.

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## Select Story.

CYRUS FORD'S TEMPTATION.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"You'll be expecting company to-  
day, sir?"

Simon Clayton looked over the top  
of the newspaper he was reading, to  
see his housekeeper waiting for an  
answer.

"Why to-day?" he said, in a surly  
tone, as if annoyed at the interruption.  
"Why to-day, more than any other  
day? Do I ever have company?"

"But it is Thanksgiving Day, sir,  
and most folks have their kin around  
them, or perhaps you are going out  
amongst your own relatives?"

"No! I have no kin! There is no  
relative of mine with whom I break  
bread either on this day or any other."

The newspaper screen came between  
the master of the house and the old  
housekeeper once more, but it could  
not quite shut from his ears the mur-  
mur of the good woman, as she left the  
room:

"Dear, dear! What a pity! And  
so rich, too!"

Simon Clayton was roused from  
thought by a knock at the door, and  
in answer to his "Come in," a lad en-  
tered carrying a letter. It was a brief  
letter, scarcely more than a note, read-  
ing:

"DEAR SIMON: I am dying, and I  
may call you so now, will you give a  
helping hand to my son who will bring  
this to you after I have left this world.  
Five children lay beside my husband  
in the churchyard, but my youngest,  
Cyrus, my only one, sits beside me  
while I write. We have scarcely  
enough of worldly wealth to save me  
from a pauper's grave, and send my  
son to you; but by our old love, Simon,  
I implore you to help him to obtain an  
honest employment. I have been a  
true wife and a good mother, as far as  
I could, Simon, yet on my deathbed I  
know that my only love was given to  
you when they parted us, and will be  
yours if we meet in another world."

Minnie.

There was deep silence in the room  
as Simon Clayton read the letter, and  
he was forced to wait many minutes  
before his voice would obey him to ask:  
"Your mother is dead?"

"She died in the summer, sir."

"Why have you waited so long to  
come to me?"

"It took all we had to pay our debts  
and the funeral expenses, and I had to  
work to earn my traveling money to  
come from Illinois."

"You want employment now?"

"I shall be very grateful, sir, if you  
will help me to find work."

"To-day is a holiday. You will be  
my guest for the present, and I will  
see what I can do for you."

As Simon Clayton spoke, he reached  
out his hand and touched a bell upon  
the table near him. His housekeeper  
answered the summons.

"You see I have company, Mrs.  
Grey," he said, and the housekeeper  
wondered at the change in his face and  
voice, lacking all severity, yet so sad.

"You will have a room made com-  
fortable for Mr. Ford."

The woman courtied and was gone,  
and Simon questioned his young guest.  
His eyes were misty more than once  
over the straightforward story of priva-  
tion the boy told, his evident devotion  
to his mother, who had been widowed  
when he was a baby. It was not diffi-  
cult to see that the boy, ground down  
by poverty, had yet a craving for edu-  
cation, and had profited by all his  
mother could teach him. His very  
touch upon the books on the table, his  
eyes, when they rested upon the well-  
filled bookcase, told the brain hunger  
better than spoken words. So before  
Mrs. Grey called them to dinner, Simon  
Clayton was planning the lad's future  
as his adopted son.

True Thanksgiving fare the kind-  
hearted housekeeper had prepared for  
the unexpected guest, and Simon Clay-  
ton's heart was nearer thankful prayer  
than it had been for many long years,  
as he looked at the bright, grateful  
face opposite to him, and knew Min-  
nie's child looked up to him for kind-  
ness and protection.

Before a week had passed the lad

was entered as a student in one of the  
city colleges, living with his new friend.

"You had better call me Uncle  
Simon," the latter had said to him,

"for your mother was dearer than a  
sister to me, my boy, and if the people  
who hear you think you are my  
nephew, leave all explanations to me."

But the world troubled itself very  
little about Simon Clayton's new rela-  
tive, some of the more kindly-hearted  
hoping he would have comfort in the  
lad, others pitying poor Laura, whose  
chance of forgiveness seemed lessened  
by the arrival of this handsome boy.

Four years glided by uneventfully  
and happily. The stern old man seem-  
ed to renew his youth in his intercourse  
with the son Minnie had sent to him,  
the talented scholar who was winning  
college honors, and who kept himself  
singularly pure in the whirl of the  
great city's vices.

The fatherly love that Simon Clay-  
ton had thought buried in the graves  
of his own boys at Greenwood, sprang  
to new life and vigor, as Cyrus gained  
a firm stand in his heart. He kept the  
boy from the temptations of vicious  
company by giving him free permis-  
sion to extend the hospitalities of his  
home to his fellow students, and the  
boy's own refined instincts led him to  
seek only the association of gentlemen.

His love of animals being discovered,  
he became the possessor of a fine horse.  
He was encouraged to join a boat club,  
and Simon himself accompanied him to  
such places of amusement as he desired  
to visit. Yet, suddenly lifted from  
poverty to riches, from bitter self-  
denial to an indulgence of every wish,  
and from the necessity of bread winning  
to the supply of luxuries, Cyrus Ford  
was not spoiled.

With his heart full of gratitude, he  
looked upon all his opportunities for  
improvement as a preparation for mak-  
ing his own way in the world. He was  
studying law, and he studied with the  
thought that his daily bread would  
soon depend upon his legal knowledge.

The idea of ever inheriting any portion  
of the wealth that was smoothing his  
path in college, never presented itself  
to his mind, and his most constant  
thought of future prosperity, resting  
upon his own exertions, was the hope  
of one day proving his gratitude by  
repaying the money spent so freely for  
him, though he could never by life-  
time of devotion return the fatherly  
love and kindness lavished upon him.

He had heard of Laura Clayton from  
one of those dear friends who try to  
poison all happiness by anticipations  
of misery.

"You had better keep on the right  
side of your uncle by never contradic-  
ting him," this friend had told him.

"He was awfully fond of his daughter,  
but he never forgave her for marrying  
against his will."

"I thought his children were all  
dead," was the reply.

"Not at all. Mrs. Cameron lives in  
a little room in Pearl street, and runs  
a sewing machine for a living. She  
has one daughter, but all the rest of  
her children are dead. Hard lines,  
ain't it, sewing for a living when her  
father is rolling in wealth."

"In Pearl street?"

"Yes. She makes my shirts, so keep  
her address. She is at No. — Pearl."

The conversation left a deep impres-  
sion upon Cyrus Ford. Once in the  
generous impulse of youth, he had ap-  
proached the subject with his adopted  
uncle, but he was so sternly silenced  
that he never dared speak again the  
name of the disobedient daughter. In  
October, when his twenty-first birth-  
day came, Simon Clayton led the  
young man one morning to his library.

"Cyrus," he said, "you are a man  
to-day, and you have a right to know  
what are my intentions regarding you.  
In the course of the next year you will  
be admitted to the bar, and I shall  
make you the agent of my property.  
Together we will go over all my invest-  
ments, and you will be able to relieve  
me of some burden of care, as well as  
to learn where your own property will  
one day lie. For to-day I make my  
will, and you will be my sole heir—  
Not a word! Your mother gave you  
to me! Be my loving son, Cyrus, it is  
all I ask of you."

"Your daughter?"

"Not a word of her! She died to  
me fourteen years ago."

The tone was so stern, Cyrus could  
only bow his head in silence, and re-  
gister a vow in his heart that his life  
service should never waver toward his  
benefactor.

It seems a sudden adoption when  
told in the limits of my story, but, in  
truth, it was no caprice that influenced  
Simon Clayton in his resolve. During  
four years of constant intercourse, he  
studied Cyrus Ford with the close  
scrutiny of a stern nature, sored by  
many disappointments, and keenly  
alive to every defect in human nature.

He found in his closest study of the  
young protegee, so unexpectedly placed  
in his care, no deceit, no time serving,  
no servility. An honorable ambition,  
a respectful gratitude that was never  
flattering nor cringing, and upright in-  
tegrity, and a close attention to the

studies that were no child's task for  
country-bred brains, all awakened the  
respect of the old man. His love was  
more easily won. Minnie's son, look-  
ing into his face with Minnie's great,  
tender eyes, moved his heart to affec-  
tion before the first hour of intercourse  
was over; and, once given, the affec-  
tion never wavered, growing stronger  
with every day's intercourse, till the  
gnawing pain for his own boys gone  
was lost in the love for the son sent to  
comfort his old age.

Thanksgiving came again—the fourth  
since Cyrus Ford came to Clayton—  
and with it came a sorrow. For the  
first time in his life, Simon Clayton felt  
the pressure of physical pain. He had  
been a model of manly strength during  
the entire sixty years of his life, but  
some unexplained exposure had brought  
on an attack of fever that, setting its  
fangs deep in the strong frame, brought  
it very nigh the grave. Cyrus had been  
watching all night when Thanksgiving  
Day dawned, clear and bright, though  
the first fall of snow lay upon the  
streets. The invalid, turning restlessly  
upon the pillow, spoke of some un-  
finished business his illness had delayed,  
and seemed to have his intellect clearer  
than it had been before during his ill-  
ness.

"I wish you would call upon Hos-  
kins this morning, Cyrus," he said. "I  
want him to understand about the lease  
of those Grand street stores, be-  
fore the last of the month. You have  
the papers ready?"

"All ready, sir. But are you well  
enough for me to leave you?"

"Yes. I shall feel better when that  
is settled."

It was a relief to be out in the crisp,  
cold air, after the long confinement in  
a close room, and Cyrus felt light-  
hearted in a certainty that his friend  
was better. Surely this attention to  
business was a good symptom, and the  
fever was certainly gone. Mrs. Grey  
was a good nurse, and there was no  
special hurry; so, after settling the  
business with Hoskins, Cyrus came  
leisurely from the office of the latter,  
up Broadway. It was full of holiday  
seekers, many of the stores being closed,  
and the clerks and saleswomen in  
their best attire going to family gather-  
ings. Cyrus was thinking of the day  
four years ago, when he came friend-  
less and lonely to the great city, when,  
just before him, a girl hurrying past  
with a large bundle slipped upon the  
frozen pavement, and fell heavily to  
the ground. In a moment Cyrus was  
bending over her, helping her to rise;  
but her ankle was sprained, and she  
would have fallen again but for his arm.

"I am afraid you cannot walk," he  
said, kindly, noting with deep pity her  
thin garments, her pinched features,  
and the look of pain upon her face.

"I must try," she answered, stooping  
to secure the big bundle.

"Lean upon me," he said, taking the  
burden from her. "You cannot," he  
said, as the effort to put the injured  
foot down brought an ashy paleness to  
her very lips. "I will call a cab."

"No, no! I have no money!"

Again the deathly pallor gathered  
on cheek and lips, till Cyrus lifted her  
gently into the cab that came at his  
call.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked.

"To No. —, Pearl street."

Directing the cabman, Cyrus got  
into the cab, with a face almost as pale  
as the one beside him. The number  
was the same his friend had mentioned  
as the address of Simon Clayton's  
daughter, and, looking attentively un-  
der the shabby bonnet, Cyrus saw that  
the face, pale and thin, was yet that of  
a child of not more than thirteen sum-  
mers. The cab stopped before the  
tall, narrow tenement house, the  
young man lifted his charge in his  
strong arms, and bidding her hold fast  
to the big bundle, carried her to the  
room to which she directed him.

It was a poor room, shabby to the  
extreme of shabbiness, with no roman-  
tic air of poverty, but the real grind-  
ing facts of extreme poverty staring the  
beholder in the face. A woman, pale  
and emaciated, was stitching upon a  
sewing machine, but came forward  
trembling when Cyrus entered with the  
child.

"Do not be frightened," he said,  
gently; "it is only a sprained ankle.  
I will send you a doctor, if you will  
tell me for whom he is to inquire."

"Mrs. Cameron. O, Dollie, child!  
are you very much hurt?"

"My foot aches," the child said;  
"but the gentleman has been so kind!  
The work is here, mother."

"I will send a doctor," Cyrus said,  
hastily putting the child upon the bed,  
"he had better come at once."

As he spoke, he slipped a note for  
fifty dollars into Dollie Cameron's  
hand, and left the room before she  
could speak. It was too bitter. He  
could not realize it at once, but the  
cruel truth pressed harder and harder  
as he neared home. This was the child  
and grandchild of Simon Clayton,  
starving in an attic, while he com-  
manded their rightful inheritance.

Mrs. Grey met him at the door with

a pale, frightened face. There had  
been a sudden change for the worse  
since he had left, and Simon Clayton  
was sinking fast. Hurrying to the  
room, Cyrus found the news only too  
true. Eagerly the dying man wel-  
comed him. He had forgotten all  
business cares, but he craved the love  
of his adopted son.

"It is Thanksgiving day," he said,  
when they had talked a little while,  
"the day for the forgiveness of injuries.  
Cyrus, I would I knew where Laura  
is to-day. I have destroyed all letters  
from her, lost all clew to her. She  
may be poor; Cyrus. She may long  
for her father's forgiveness. My poor  
Laura! I had never crossed her,  
Cyrus, and she did not think I would  
be unforgiving. I could die easier if  
I could tell her that I forgive her."

Cyrus did not speak. Literally he  
could not. All that those few gasping  
words implied pressed upon his brain  
with relentless clearness. Laura at  
home, Laura forgiven, meant the loss  
of all the fair inheritance now his own.  
Do not judge him too harshly. A  
fierce temptation clutched heart and  
brain. There was no active crime to  
be committed. Only a few hours si-  
lence, and the vast wealth which he  
had virtually controlled for a few short  
weeks would be all his own. He could  
provide handsomely for the widow and  
her child when he was the heir, and he  
was surely better fitted to manage a  
great estate than a weak woman.

Simon Clayton did not notice the  
silence that fell upon the room while  
Cyrus wrestled with the bitter tempta-  
tion in his heart. He was very weak,  
and time was short for prayer and  
preparation for eternity, so the silence  
suited him well. But when the very  
sound of his breathing was audible in  
the stillness, he sighed, as if from a  
breaking heart, "My poor Laura!"

Like clouds dispersed by sunlight,  
the shadows of evil sped from Cyrus  
Ford's heart.

"Uncle Simon," he cried, "I can  
bring Laura to you, if you wish."

The dying man expressed no sur-  
prise. The end was too near for that.  
It seemed nothing strange to him that  
his strong dying wish should be an-  
swered.

"You can find her? Bring her  
quickly, Cyrus, or you will be too late.  
But before you go, give me my desk,  
and send Mrs. Grey to me."

"Shall I open your desk?"

"Yes; I only want my will. She is  
my only child, Cyrus," he said, plead-  
ingly.

"And if this is destroyed she will  
have her rightful inheritance," said  
Cyrus. "Shall I lay it here on the  
live coals?"

"Yes. God will give me an hour or  
two more of life. Burn it, Cyrus, and  
send it once for Mr. Pearson's."

So, while the flames curled over the  
paper that would have made him mas-  
ter of nearly a million dollars, Cyrus  
Ford started to bring Laura Cameron  
to her father, and sent his lawyer to  
the dying man. But few words sufficed  
to explain his errand. Dollie was  
carefully carried to the easy carriage  
in waiting, and after a long drive the  
stately house was reached when twi-  
light was settling over the great city.

It was thoroughly in keeping with  
the delicate instincts of Cyrus Ford's  
character that he sent Laura alone to  
her father, while he carried Dollie into  
the parlor, and made her comfortable  
upon a sofa. The grave, pale child  
looked earnestly in his face.

"Do you live here with my grand-  
father?" she asked.

"I have lived here for four years. I  
ate my first meal here on Thanksgiv-  
ing Day four years ago."

"Thanksgiving Day! We meant to  
make a little holiday, too; but I was  
not paid for the work I took home, and  
I hurt my foot. I was not in a very  
thankful frame of mind before I met  
you, and you were so kind and so gen-  
erous!"

"I hope this will be the first of many  
thankful days for you," he answered.  
"Your mother will not leave her home  
again, I trust."

There was still a long talk before  
they were summoned to the sick room.  
Here the reconciliation had been per-  
fect, and Dollie was placed in an arm-  
chair where her grandfather could look  
upon her face.

"You will trust everything to Cyrus,  
Laura," her father said. "He knows  
how all my property is invested—  
Cyrus, you will be faithful to my  
child."

"God deal with me as I am faithful  
to your trust," was the solemn reply.

Before midnight, surrounded by  
those he loved, Simon Clayton died.  
Not until three days later, when the  
funeral was over, did Cyrus know that  
Mr. Pearson had made a new will,  
while he was seeking Laura Cameron.  
By this will he became heir to half of  
Simon Clayton's estate, the other half  
and all personal property becoming  
Laura's.

My story may not end here. Five  
years later, on Thanksgiving Day,  
there was a wedding in the house where  
Simon Clayton had spent so many  
lonely days, and the bridegroom was  
the rising young lawyer, Cyrus Ford,  
who wedded the grandchild of his ben-  
efactor, sweet Dollie Cameron.

## Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Some years ago a young man, hold-  
ing a subordinate position in the East  
India Company's service, twice attempt-  
ed to deprive himself of life by snap-  
ping a loaded pistol at his head. Each  
time the pistol missed fire. A friend  
entering his room shortly afterwards  
requested him to fire it out of the  
window; it then went off without any  
difficulty. Satisfied thus that the wea-  
pon had been duly primed and loaded,  
the young man sprang up, exclaiming:  
"I must be preserved for something  
great," and from that moment gave up  
the idea of suicide, which, for some  
time previous, had been uppermost in  
his thoughts. That young man after-  
wards became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion  
walking together, when a violent storm  
of thunder and lightning overtook  
them. One was struck dead on the  
spot; the other was spared, else would  
the name of the great reformer, Martin  
Luther, have been unknown to man-  
kind.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender  
boy of five years old, fell into the pit  
of a soap-boiler, and must have per-  
ished, had not a workman, just enter-  
ing the yard, observed the top of his  
head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an in-  
fant, a monkey snatched him from his  
cradle, leaped with him from a garret  
window, and ran along the leads of the  
house. The utmost alarm was excited  
among the inmates, and various were  
the devices used to rescue the child  
from the guardianship of his newly-  
found protector. All were unavail-  
ing; his would-be rescuers had lost  
courage, and were in despair of ever  
seeing the baby alive again, when the  
monkey quietly retraced its steps, and  
deposited its burden safely on the bed.

On a subsequent occasion, the waters  
had well-nigh quenched his insatiable  
ambition. He fell into a deep pond,  
from drowning in which a clergyman  
named Johnson was the sole instru-  
ment of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester, a young  
soldier, about seventeen years of age,  
was drawn out for sentinel duty. One  
of his comrades was very anxious to  
take his place. No objection was made,  
and this man went. He was shot dead  
while on guard. The young man first  
drawn, afterward became the author of  
the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weak-  
ly an infant that he was believed to be  
dead. A nurse standing by, fancied  
she saw some signs of vitality. Thus  
the feeble spark of life was saved from  
being extinguished, and an eminent  
author preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was  
only just preserved from fire. Almost  
the moment after he was rescued, the  
roof of the house where he had been  
fell in. Of Philip Henry, a similar in-  
stance is recorded.

Many years have now elapsed since  
three subalterns might have been seen  
struggling in the water off St. Helena;  
one of them, peculiarly helpless, was  
fast succumbing. He was saved to  
live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of  
Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the  
history of marvelous deliverances. As  
a youth he had agreed to accompany  
some friends on board of a man-of-  
war. He arrived too late; the boat in  
which his friends had gone was cap-  
sized and all its occupants drowned.

On another occasion, when tide sur-  
veyor in the port of Liverpool, some  
business had detained him, to the great  
surprise of those who were in the habit  
of observing his undeviating punctual-  
ity. He went out in the boat, as here-  
tofore, to inspect a ship, which blew  
up before he reached her. Had he left  
the shore a few moments sooner, he  
must have perished with the rest on  
board.

BURNING.—The man of business  
and the business man both have busi-  
ness to do; but the business man is  
the one who does it. The business man  
thinks, moves, acts, and makes himself  
felt in the world. If a thought comes  
into his head, it is one of breadth and  
compass, it does not centre on self and  
its narrow world. It reaches away  
and embraces others. It has a wide  
range, and does not stop till it touches  
and affects for good the interests of all.

Nor are the thoughts of such men  
immobility. They become active, living  
realities in the wide and busy world.  
The authors of them make of these  
business thoughts actualities, give them  
local habitation and a name, and  
steamboats are built and ocean is na-  
vigated, and distant climes are brought  
together; an electric telegraph springs  
into being as by enchantment, and  
lightning becomes garrulous and volu-  
ble, thought out-travels the winged  
winds; and in a twinkling the bands  
and shackles of trade are loosened.

Such are the workings produced by  
the business man. He awakens the  
drowsy and helpless multitudes, puts  
life and thought, energy and action  
into them, and makes the world leap  
rejoicing along the path of ages.  
Where its step before was but a single

year, now it strides by scores and fig-  
ures.

"Men of thought, men of action,  
Clear the way."

And they do clear the way—their  
thoughts become tangible, moving, de-  
molishing forces, that break down and  
crush all opposing barriers, opening a  
pathway of progress, into which the  
more sluggish and timid portion of hu-  
manity may securely travel.

But the man of business is emphati-  
cally what the name indicates. His  
business is always on his hands